



BURKE'S FAREWELL

Farewell to the land of my birth and adoption,
Farewell I bid you adieu.

My terrible sentence it has been committ'd,
But oh I would rather have fell
And died on the scaffold than linger in pain,
Tortur'd & bound by the sad felon's chain,
A convict for life I am doom'd to remain,
So old Ireland I bid you adieu,

Oh Erin Sweet Erin my poor despised country,
My heart fondly clings towards thee,
So I left my dear mother my friends & relations
All hopes that I would see thee free,
With health fast declining afflicted & sore,
From the land of Columbia I freely came o'er
But Erin dear Erin my sweet native shore,
I for ever must bid you adieu,

Like a gallant & true hearted Son of Hibernia,
I strove for my country's cause,
I was longing to see dear old Erin set free,
From all cruel and tyrannic laws
But by spies & informers I at last was betray'd,
And false declarations against me they made
I was sentence'd to death but by some friendly aid
My life has been spared from the tree,

At Kilmalham I was to be hanged drawn & quartered
And for my sad fate I was prepared,
But government yielded to the voice of the people,
And agreed that my life should be spared.
But oh it would be a better far better for me,
To end my existence & die on the tree,
But a convict for life I am now doom'd to be,
So old Erin I bid you adieu,

Farewell dearest mother may the Lord above protect you
And my gentle sisters so dear,
May he comfort & bless you & always caress you,
And keep you from danger and fear.
In the cause of my country I stood brave & bound,
But by curs'd traitors alas I was sold,
No doubt the will suffer when I'm dead & cold,
So dear Erin I bid you adieu,